

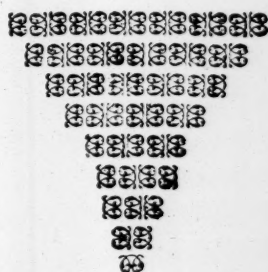
THE
DEVIL'S JOURNEY
TO
LONDON:

OR,
The Visit Repaid

N E D W a r - D.

*Being a Satyr sent to Physicians College in
Warwick-Lane.*

Written by an Apothecary.



L O N D O N, Printed in the Year 1700.

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T H E

Devils Journey to London, &c.

IN Caverns of the black *Abyss* of *Hell*,
 Where damned Souls in torment ever dwell,
 Weeping, and mourning at their dismal state;
 Repenting of their Sins; But ah too late!
Pluto retires, that he might espy,
 What Order there was, how his Tyranny
 Was exercis'd, and his Commands obey'd:
 The *Ghosts* at his damn'd Presence are dismay'd;
 They dreading his Commands, amazed stand;
 The *Furies* quake, and trembling do demand,
 Great *Pluto*, chief in *Hell*, what Force, or Arms,
 Or mighty Monarch, now thy Court alarms,
 That thou in person doest appear, or come
 On some vile Wretch to order worser Doome;
 If any here has done the least of Ill,
 Tormented shall he be, by *Devills* Skill;
 Example shall he be, that here below,
 Damn'd Souls, and *Devils* may thy Power know:
 Thus cringing did they stand, quaking with Fear,
 What Answer *Pluto* gave, who did appear
 Stark mad with Rage, which made the *Devils* quake;
 And the dark Caverns of deep *Hell* to shake:
 Amaz'd Powers of *Hell* come crowding down;
 To know the cause; each *Fiend* now fears his own.

Pluto at last, to them does thus reply;
 My Friend *Ned W---d* has told a cursed Lye;
Crouds of Lawyers, Doctors, and their Slaves,
 He says, are here; *Poets* worst of *Knaves*;
Pimps, Whores, and Bullys, and another Throng;
 Which now for to rehearse would be too long:
 Some of all sorts, are here, but if you view
London (I think) may equal this damn'd Crew:
 Great Sinners come not to my Court, but they
 Send lesser ones before, to make the way:
 Besides what crouds come in; my Friend *Ned W---d*
 Must have a place for him, and all his Guard
 Of *Scribling Poets*; who do spy the Town,
 Nay, *Hell* its self; (because it is their own)
 Since my Friend now has twice been so civil;
 To Journey down to *Hell* to see the *Devil*;
 We must repay his visit, its unkind
 His *Tripes*, and *Journeys* not at all to mind;
 If we don't visit now as heretofore,
 The *Sot* takes pet, by chance comes no more;
 For ye all know, it is my constant way;
 When Strangers do come here, I make them stay,
 They're welcome as my self, this place is free,
 As in *Begining*, to *Eternity*:
 But him I did let go, for I knew well,
 There's ne're a place, so fit for him as *Hell*:
 The second time, I let the Knave pass on
 For pitty sake, since that he Lives upon
 The *Spying Trade*. But to the Court its known,
 Next time he comes, the *Devil* knows his own: (First



First I intend a Journey for to take,
 In *Charons* Boat, I'll cross the *Stygian* Lake :
 And see how fares old *England*, Why main't I
 The *Earth*, as well as they, dare *Hell* espy?
 What Mortal can resist-----

Just as he spoke in comes a sorry Tribe,
 Of *Lawyers Clients*, who for want of Bribe;
 And *Doctors Patients*, whom 'twas their Mishaps,
 By trusting *Warwick-Lane* to cure their Claps,
 To post to *Hell*, some sleep to death, some kills,
 The misinterpreting their *Doctors Bills*:
Pluto asks whence they came, that he might know
 His Friends above, as well as them below.
 When all is told, crys, *See there, make Room*,
 Then orders each Man what shall be his Doom;
 I am ungrateful, if I should deny
 That to the *College*, I'm oblig'd so high;
 But as they come, I strive to quit the Score: }
 They daily by their Trade oblige me more, }
 Than *Woman Doctor*, *Quack*, or pocky *Whore*. }

Pluto now ready strait with speed sets out ;
Hells Gates are open'd, the *Infernal* rout
 Of damned *Fiends*, come Crowding thick about,
 To know their orders, who the *Scepter* sways,
 While *Pluto's* gone to fetch some greater Preys.
Cerberus barks, and round the damned flies;
 Until at last great *Pluto* there espyes,
 Then silent by his word, he down him lyes. }

The fiery Sulphurous waves doe rise,
 As if they durst almost to touch the *Skies*:
 Dam'd Souls all siner'd with Sulphurous Flame,
 Colder then Ice, but burning in the same;
 While *Devils*, with their Forks strives to assuage,
 Their own dam'd Torment, shew their utmost rage;
 That's ease of all their Torments, when that they
 Other Torment; whose sins made them a prey
 To *Devils*, Spirits, damn'd before the fall
 Of *Adam*; for whose sin we suffer all:
 What Mortal safe can be from their damn'd spite,
 Since they in *Heaven* durst with *God* to fight.
Pluto takes care of all, and does Commend
 The Care of *Hel*, to his chiefest *Fiend*;
 Tell them he's sure, his Labour won't be lost,
 His *London Journey* sure will quit his Cost.
 Then this black *Prince*, with his Curst *Hellish Crew*,
 Like Lightning in the Air so swift he Flew
 Over *Hills*, and *Mountains* which did over run
 With those Men's blood; who were by sin undone.
 Now past the dismal dark Eternal Night,
 The gloomy Light appears to their Sight:
 The Sulphur stunk upon the curst Shore:
 There might be hear'd the damn'd Spirits roar.
Pluto sends back the *Infernal Spirits*, he
 Takes only one to bear him Company,
 In his *Adventure*, orders to retain,
Ned W---d if he comes *Spying* here again.
 Now come to the River Side they hollow,
 Like *Thunder*, now the damn'd *Spirits* bellow

For *Charon*, that he would the River cross,
 And bring his Boat, for *Pluto* fears the loss
 Of time, he long'd to beat's *Journey* end,
 To see *Ned W---d* his dear and loving Friend.
Charon (a lazy Dog) himself down lay
 The other Side, that he might pass away
 The time, waiting till *Hermes* now does bring
 Sad *Souls*, the Place he us'd to take them in:
 He hears a Noise sound from the other Side;
 Thinks he this is some of the last curst *Tribe*,
Pluto's Court that went, their gone Astray;
 They want *Ned W---d* to put them in their way.
Charon bethinks himself to see if none,
 Had Stolen from *Pluto's* Court, and 'twas unknown:
 Silly he rows back his Boat, that he might Spy,
 Who twas that there; then answers *by and by*,
Ile wait on you, Pox take you there Tarry,
Am I your Spaniel Dog to fetch and Carry:
Though I wait here to carry Souls from hence,
I bring none back, that is the future Tense,
Nor like to Doctors, Lawyers unjust Fee
Will take, but True to Pluto ever be.

The *Angry Devil* now with *Rage* Possess'd,
 Retarding of his *Journey*, strait he Curst
Charon his Servant, to be damn'd for *Ever*,
 In the deep lake of Fire, and that he ne're
 Should thence return; but there remain to be
 Tortur'd as damn'd to all *Eternity*:

How dares he not his Masters great Command
 Obey ? Who dares the *Devil* here withstand ?
 The burning Flames did shine now from his *Eyes*,
Charon he finds it's *Pluto*, and he Fly's,
 With all the speed he Rows unto the Shore;
 With thick fetch Strokes, he presently is ore.
 When Angry *Pluto Charon* doth come near,
 He Trembles, first could not Speak for Fear;
 But on his *Knees*, that Pardon'd he might be,
 He Beggs, and Prays, *Cause Ignorant* that he;
 The mighty *Prince of Hell*, did now design
 To Cross the *Stygian Lake*, therefore not mine
 I Begg the Fault may be, for no more I
 Will dare to offer such *Indignity* ;
 But ever, will remain a Constant *Slave*
 To *Pluto's* Court, O Pardon let me have!
Pluto says nothing, but in hast does make
 Into the Boat, Commands him strait to take
 His Oars, to the other Side to Row ;
 When he come back he does intend to Show ;
 What for his Crime shou'd be his Punishment,
 Till then he ought to rest himself Content.
 Like Angry *College*, who posselt with Rage;
 All *Pharmacy* could not the same Affuage;
 We finding now our Fees begin to Cease;
 And by degrees our *Practice* to Decrease:
 Of Bankrupt *Doctors* there is now such store;
 That we'll be *Glyster* driver who before,
 Was look on *Doctor*: (Ah sottish *Fools*)
 Leave our *Practice* to inspect close *Stools*,

When *Doctors* Prescribe and attend your *Ailments*,
Poets I hope will to the *World* rehearse,
And Justice to the *World* will sure Proclaim:
The *Pharmack* Art deserves the *Doctors* Name:
Poor Wretches we since *College* Trade decline:
What would we give, that we the first design
Had Crusht, and not so balely steal a Trade,
For now we find deservedly we made
A *Rod* for our *Backs*, they ye're our Friends,
And we knew well they had no other ends:
Those that in *Coaches* Ride, ful oft did goe
To their full Tables, but at *Lord Mayors Show*,
And other Treats, what Crowds come sharpening then,
Ah *Doctors*, *Doctors* were ungrateful Men.
My Pen cant help the setting forth your Crimes,
I'll place them down for all succeeding Times,
As *Felon* burnt in *Cheek*, to their Disgrace,
About their *Neck*, these *Lines* or worse we place,
The *Colleges* were they were bred Asham'd,
To own these Monsters they have so defam'd
That Place, true *Doctors* shun them as the *Itch*,
The *Plague*, the *Scab*, or nasty *Pocky Bitch*,
Which they pretend to Cure.

So *Pluto*, *Charon* does to *Hell* decree,
For his good Service, and his Constancy,
This mighty *Prince* set on the other Side,
Resolves for *London* now what ere betide,
Ore *Hills*, and *Mountains* with his *Imp* he goes,
He fly's so quick through *Vallies*, *Plains*, that those

Which were his Friends, he might this once regard,
Being pleas'd to think of Visiting *Ned W—d*,
Prepar'd he was with *Gold*, which can controul
All Mortal Men; for that can buy the *Soul*,
When all Delusions, Cheats do prove but frail,
That sure and certain, and does never fail.
What *Murders*, *Rapes*, to get it doe we chuse?
That rules our *Hearts*, we durst it not refuse:
O curst Mineral! from whence didst thee
Derive thy self? vvhhat Mortal now can be
Secure from all thy deadly poysoning Charms?
Thou Curse of curses! who so oft Alarms
Poor Mortals *Souls*. from thee there is none free;
Those that possess, or unpossessed be:
Not *Argos* Eyes, *Briareus* hundred Hands,
No *Earthly Monarch* ever thee withstands,
If thou but shows't thy self, we strait Comply,
Thou'rt like to *Death*, none can your claim deny
Pluto himself knew well what Arms to use;
What Mortal doe Reject and what they Choose:
He ask't that *Spy*, when he was last in *Hell*,
Or else by old Tradition he could tell;
His *Imp* he orders, Charges that he stray
About the Town, to get as great a Prey
As he could get; now they are at the Place,
Where one crys Smoke the *Beau*, vvhath with that Face?
And now begin the *Devil* to Disgrace;
Another calls out Sir, *Pray take a Chaire*,
A *Coach* Sir, you Son of a *Whore* my Fare,
The Noise so great the *Devil* could not tell;
Whether they make a greater here, or *Hell*. (Next

Next *Scene* is shovv'd two *Fopps* does strait Appear,
 Their *Wiggs* Perfumed, and so full of Hair;
 Their empty Heads were loaded so for fear,
 Least some should steal their Brains out of their Ear:
 The blinded *Braves* with Powder, can't agree,
 This takes the *Wall*, the other thought that he
 Deserv'd it better, Damns him, and Swears strait,
 Before he goes, shall Satisfaction make.
 The other Swears, and out he whipp's his Sword,
 Abuse a Gentleman, upon my word:
 I'll make you know, and Satisfaction give,
 As you desire, you *Dog*, if I doe Live,
 Off goes the *Wiggs* the Swords begin to Clatter,
 In comes the *Mobb* to know what is the Matter,
 Part them crys one, another crys no, no,
 VWho dares presume to touch a Powder *Bean*,
 The Fray does end one's Kill'd, the other sent
 To *Newgate*, where the Quarrel to repent:
 The *Bean* now parts with *Wigg*, *Sword*, *Coat* for they
 Must bribe the *fury*, pay the *Goalers* fee;
 At last comes out like *Æsops* Bird unknown,
 To *Beaus*, and *Bullys*, *Whores* they will not own:
 This Tatter'd *Rake* till he can someway get,
 In *Drapers*, *Cutlers*, *Barbers*, *Taylors* Debt;
 These easy Knaves are quickly put upon,
 Their Profit is so great, that few, or none,
 VVill here deny to trust you, though unknown.
 These *Beaus* says *Pluto* in my first Troop Ride,
 They go to *Hell* themselves without a Guide:

(12)
I need not teach them, for I now may see
They know the way to *Hell*, as well as me.
I'll leave this Crew, and further I will goe,
Seek out my *Spy*, and he I'm sure will show
The ways of *London* Tricks, and all their feats,
He knows them well cause uses all their Cheats ;
The *Devil* hunts the Town to find his Spark ;
Ranges from *Aldgate* to *St. James's-Park* ;
Not knowing whom to ask, or what to do,
Vext was he, that he lost his labour so:
Spent all his Time in vain, but he is known,
To all the *Sharppers*, *Bullys*, in the Town:
Therefore I think there is no need to doubt,
But I in time may find this *Sharper* out,
He Strays about, till *Newgate* he comes to, }
Goes up, and asks one of the Theving Crew, }
Ned W---d's Lodging if such a one he knew, }
Yes, yes, replied he, I know him well ;
It's he you mean that has been twice in *Hell*,
The same the *Devil* cry'd b'ing glad to hear
That like to Speed. I hope old Friend you bear
No harm against him, says the other, I
Do think he is, and none can here deny,
The best of *Sharppers* he does far out goe,
That *Newgate* ever had, or *Hell* can Show:
Well, well my Friend to the Point pray now mind ;
Keep strait up *Holborn*, and at top you'll find,
A Place call'd *Gray's-Inn*, where if you inquire,
Ned W---d's Garret, that what's you desire ;

You'l

You'l find him if at Home; I think you may;
 Keep strait along, for that's the ready way.
Pluto he thanks him kindly, so they part;
 Farewel he cry's, I wish with all my *Heart*,
 That you might goe with me, but that can't be,
 You'l come by turns, ye all belong to me.
 The *Devil* now Directed right he walks
 Unto *Gray's-Inn*, round about he stalks
 Staring: He finds so many *Garrets* there,
 He knew not which it was, or how to hear:
 Up *Stairs* to one he goes, but there none knew,
 This *Spying Knave* but one did kindly shew,
 The *Porters-Lodge*; tells him, that he could tell,
 He knows us all. (But *W---d* he knew too well)
 The *Devil* thanks him and down *Stairs* does goe,
 Was ever known poor *Devil* Hackned so,
 To see what Love he had for him that none
 Would serve his turn; but only him alone:
 The Town is large, the *Devil* might have think't,
 Some greater *Rogue*, what say'st there is none in't
 So great? why then my Pen must honour show,
 To this great Master, from whom others know,
 All *Arts*, all *Tricks* and *Cheats*, which they have us'd:
 It breaks my *Heart* that I have him abus'd
 If that could be: But hark now some more;
 The *Devil's* got a Pounding at the Door,
 He raps at first, and then he soundly beats,
 Within *Ned W---d*, he through the Key-hole peeps,
 Expecting *Bayliff*, *Debtor*, or some *Whore*
 He *Pox't*, and *Bilk't* a day or two before;

To bring her *Bully*, to her just Defence;
 Or *Grays-Inn Porter* to kick him from thence,
 Bethinks himself how for to put them off;
 At last he Opens, but was very loath
 To see his *Visitor*. *Pluto* cries out,
How now Ned W---d why you are now grown Stout,
Not know your Friends, why surely you and I,
Must be Acquainted better by, and by,
I come on purpose to see you, what not know,
Your best of Friends, your dear and chief Pluto.
 I begg your Pardon Sir, replied *W---d*,
 For I was now a thinking of the *Guard*
 Of *Poets*; who against me daily *Write*,
 It makes me Mad to think now of their *Spite*:
Pray mind them not but Satisfied be,
While I am here, take care and Wait on me:
While I am with you, I am sure none dare,
Affront you therefore let it be your Care,
For to promote my Intrest, by that way,
You'll gain your self a greater Name then they,
Methinks your Furniture seems very sad,
Your Garrets dirty and your Bed is bad :
This Fleay Mat not keeps you from the Ground,
Indeed I thought in better Case to have found
You, Pluto here you cannot Entertain,
Those that you Visit do expect again,
The same returns of kindness to be shown,
Much more me, for thou art now my own:
The best of Places, that in Hell can be,
I have Reserv'd, and do intend for thee;

Grieve not poor Ned for if the World does Frown,
In Hell I will for all thy Spying Crown:
Thou art Newgates Joy Tiburns only Glory,
Thou hast outdone all that went before thee,
For never any went to Hell to Spy;
They think it soon enough when that they Dy:
I have not time to Tell, or to Pen Down,
What Tricks Ned W---d did show him of the Town,
That's for the next, I only now will Pray.
To Bless this Poet then I'll goe my way;
Since this Wretch durst Lampoon my noble Art,
It is but Justice that I speak in Part:
May all Deseases Doctors can invent,
And all the Plagues of Hell be on him sent,
Whilst he Lives here, with Scabs, with Sores, with Lice;
Then pocky Whores to Lust let him Intice;
Till he's Pox't so that in him there may be,
All Poxes in the Town, and none but me
To Cure him, When Sponging Bayliffs thumpt,
His pocky Bones, his Corps then after Pumpt,
To Jayl be Carry'd, where let him be Fed
With stinking Carrion, next for his Bed,
On harrow Spikes may he be for't to lye,
And Drink such Drink, which I wish that I
May make: Let every Star that's in the Sky,
And every Sand, that's on the Shore,
Or in the Sea, a thousand Plagues send more:
When he can't turn himself from Back to Side,
A thousand Whores let him be for't to Ride;
At last when Pluto no more Plagues can tell,
Let him be for't, to Foot it down to Hell,

(16)
To ease his Pains here, which may they be,
Ten thousand more then ever he did see,
Or Fancys are in *Hell*: or can for me
Invent: That *Fools* and *Knaves* may let alone,
Others professions, meddle with their own;
From Scribling Wits all Quarrells do derive,
Till they are Stopt our Nation ne're will Thrive.

F I N I S.



By reason of the Author being in the Countrey, at the time of the Printing of this *Satyr*, several Errata's have escaped the Press, which the Candid Reader is Desired to Correct, Especially in *Page* 8 and 9 *Line* lege Cause for *Curse*.

